

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things  
Are morteft and adjoin'd, which when it falls,  
Each small annexment, pettie consequence  
Attends the boiftrous raine, never alone  
Did the King figh, but a generall grone.

*King.* Arme you I pray you to this speedy voiage,  
For we will fetters put about this feare  
Which now goes too free footed.

*Rof.* We will make hafte. *Exeunt Gent.*

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* My Lord hee's going to his mothers clofer,  
Behind the Arras Ile convey my felfe  
To heare the proceffe, Ile warnt thee 'l tax him home;  
And as you faid, and wifely was it faid,  
'Tis meet that fome more audience than a mother,  
Since nature makes them partiall, fhould ore-heare  
The fpeech of vantage; fare you well my Liege,  
Ile call upon you ere you goe to bed,  
And tell you what I heare. *Exit.*

*King.* Thankes deare my Lord.  
O my offence is ranke, it finels to heaven,  
It hath the primall eldeft curfe upon't;  
A brothers murder: pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharpe as will,  
My ftronger guilt defeats my ftrong intent;  
And like a man to double bufinesse bound,  
I ftand in pause where I fhall firft begin,  
And both neglect: what if this curfed hand  
Were thicker than it felfe with brothers blood?  
Is there not raine enough in the fweet heavens  
To wafh it white as fnow? whereto ferves mercy,  
But to confront the vilage of offence?  
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,  
To be foreftalled ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon being downe? then Ile looke up:  
My fault is paff: but oh! what forme of prayer  
Can ferve my turne? forgive me my foule murder?  
That cannot be, fince I am ftill poffeff

## Prince of Denmarke.

Of thofe affects for which I did the murder,  
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene:  
May one be pardoned and retaine th' offence?  
In the corrupted currents of this world  
Offences guided hand may fhew by juftice,  
And oft 'tis feene the wicked prize it felfe  
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not fo above,  
There is no fhuffling, there the action lyes  
In his true nature, and we our felves compeld  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults  
To give in evidence: what then? what refts?  
Try what repentance can; what can it not?  
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?  
O wretched ftate! O bofome blacke as death!  
O limed foule! that ftuggling to be free,  
Art more ingaged! helpe Angels, make affay,  
Bow ftubborn knees, and hearts with ftirings of fteele.  
Be foft as finnewes of the new-borne babe,  
All may be well. *Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Now might I do it, but now a is praying,  
And now Ile do't, and fo a goes to heaven,  
And fo am I reveng'd? that would be fcann'd;  
A villaine kills my father, and for that  
I his fole fonne doe this fame villaine fend  
To heaven:  
Why this is bafe and filly, — not revenge:  
A rooke my father groffely, full of bread,  
With all his crimes broad blowne, as flufh as May,  
And how his audit ftands who knowes fave heaven?  
But in our circumftance and courfe of thought,  
'Tis heavie with him; and am I then reveng'd  
To take him in the purging of his foule,  
When he is fit and feafoned for his paffage?  
No,  
Up fword, and know thou a more horrid hent,  
When he is drunke, afleep, or in his rage,  
Or in th'inceftuous pleafure of his bed,  
At game, a fwearing, or about fome act

That